



HOLLYWOOD'S SENSATIONAL COWBOY STAR!



52 BIG
PAGES

Jimmy Wakely



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Jimmy Wakely

IN JUST ABOUT ONE SECOND... ONE OF US IS GOING TO BE ~~ON~~ RIDING ON THE GROUND!



TAKE A BIG, MODERN GOLD WINE WITH HUNDREDS OF HORSEBOYS IN IT--AND ULTRA-MODERN METHODS OF MINING GOLD--STEALING, ADD TO THAT PICTURE A CORPS OF TOUGH, GUN-TOTING INNE GUARDS--ALERTED NIGHT AND DAY AGAINST THE RAIDERS OF A MYSTERIOUS, EAST-RIDING CANYON OF OUTLAWS. PUT COOL, CAPABLE JIMMY WAKELY IN A LOCALE LIKE THAT... AND YOU CAN EXPECT EXPLOSIVE ACTION, BREATH-TAKING ADVENTURE--AND GUTTLING REVELATIONS... AS THE FEROUS CONVOY CAVALIER TANGLED WITH --

"The RAIDERS OF TREASURE MOUNTAIN"

JIMMY WAKELY No. 15 Sept. Oct., 1951 Published in accordance by Diamond Comic Publications, Inc., 400 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whimsy Editorial Editor (Signed to original story written June 15, 1950) at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1909. Entry numbered in the U. S. Post Office Patent Office, No. 100 in American Periodicals for advertising rates address Richard A.

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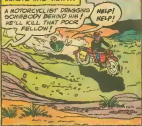
JIMMY WAKELY



NEAR NEVADA'S MONTE CRISTO RANGE...



A MOMENT LATER... A STARTLING SIGHT BURSTS INTO VIEW...



AS THE CHARGING 'CYCLIST BEARS DOWN ON JIMMY...



WITH A SINGLE MOVEMENT, HOLLYWOOD'S CONBOY ACE DODGES AROUND... AND HURLS HIS LASSO AT THE CYCLIST...



OKAY, WISE GUY-- LET'S SEE IF YOUR ROPE TRICKS CAN MATCH MY GUN-PLAY...



A DEFT SNAP OF JIMMY'S WEIST SENDS A WRITHING LOOP ALONG THE ROPE, AND...





JIMMY WAKELY



TOSSING HIS ROPES ASIDE, THE BURLY 'EVILIST' CHARGES THE WESTERN ACE...



NOBODY 'EN BARR
A MONKEY CUTTA
RED DOWD AN'
LIVE--

WATCH
IT, BOSS!

CALMLY, JIMMY ROIDES AND SWINGS THROUGH
A WIDE OPEN GUARD...



PAM!

WHEN! THAT
WAS DYNAMITE,
JIMMY!

IT WILL HOLD
HIM FOR
WHILE! NOW
IS THAT MAN
HE WAS
HAULING?

EVEN BAKER, A PROSPECTOR,
I WAS JUST CROSSIN' THE LAND
OF THE BIG TREASURE MINING
COMPANY...

THE BIG
TREASURE
MINING COMPANY?

WHY, THAT'S
WHERE WE'RE
HEADED,
JIMMY!



AS AN ASTOUNDING STORY
EMERGES...

YOU MEAN DOWD
DROPPED YOU
AROUND LIKE THAT--
AS PUNISHMENT
FOR TRESPASSING
ON BIG TREASURE
PROPERTY?

YEP! HE'S A
COMPANY GUARD!
THOSE
BULLIES ACT
AS IF THEY
OWN THIS
COUNTRY!



WHO DO THEY THINK
THEY ARE TRYING TO
GET AWAY WITH THAT
ROUGH STUFF AROUND
HERE-- WHAT'S
THAT?

PAM!
WHEE OOOOOW!



IT'S DOWD! HE
CAME TO-- HIGH--
TAKING IT UP
THE HILL!

LET HIM GO! WE KNOW
WHERE TO FIND HIM, BAK--
IF YOU WANT TO PRESS
CHARGES IN COUNTY
COURT!





JIMMY WAKELY



T-TAKE A BIG TREASURE
GUARD TO COURT ? ...
N-NOT ME!
THANKS--

STRANGE! THE
POOR FELLOW'S
TREMBLING ...
I'LL BE
MOVING
ALONG!



4 AS THE CARMAN MOVES
ON TOWARD ITS
DESTINATION ...

JIMMY,
WHAT
KIND OF A SETUP IS THIS
BIG TREASURE
OUTFIT ?



DON'T KNOW, PAUL!
LEE JEFFERS, THE
MINE OWNER, LIVES
IN NORTH HOLLYWOOD.
HASN'T BEEN OUT HERE
FOR YEARS! HE GAVE
ME PERMISSION TO
USE THE MINE AS A
MOVIE LOCALS!

BUT I WONDER
IF JEFFERS
KNOWS HOW HIS
COMPANY GUARDS
TREAT HARM, BBS
THE SPAGGERS!



THE ARRIVALS ARE MET BY FRED DALTON,
THE MINE FOREMAN ...

JEFFERS HIRED ME YOU
WERE COMING, WAKELY!
BUT LET'S GET ONE
THING STRAIGHT RIGHT
OFF! MR. JEFFERS OWNS
THIS GOLD MINE-- BUT I
RUN IT, SEE? AND INSIDE
THAT GATE --



--I'M BOGG!
IF THAT'S
UNDERSTOOD,
COME ON IN!

WELL! NOT A VERY
WARM WELCOME,
EH, PAUL?



5 AS THE MOVIE
TROUPE ENTERS
THE FENCED-OFF
ENCLOSURE ...

WHAT IN
THUNDER?
MEN IN
SHOCKS--!

THEY LOOK
HALF DEAD!

WHAT'S
GOING
ON HERE?!





JIMMY WAKELY



THOSE NINE WORKERS WERE CAUGHT HIDING GOLD DUST--AND THEY'RE NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, WAKELY!

I'M MAKIN' IT MY BUSINESS, RUSTY...



WITH A SOUND, JIMMY REACHED THE CRUELLY-TRAPPED MEN...

THIS FORM OF PUNISHMENT IS ILLEGAL-- ANYWHERE!

IT'S JIMMY WAKELY, MEN! HE'S FREEING US!



LIKE AN ANGERED BATTLE, THE ROYALTY'S HANDS SHEEP DOWNWARD...

I TOLD YUH I'M FREE IN HERE, WAKELY! BECAUSE YUH DON'T HAVE NO GOOD...

I HEAR REAL WELL, DALTON...



WITH BLURRING SPEED, THE ROYALTY'S HANDS SHEEP DOWNWARD...

BANG! BANG!

MY GUNS!

KEEP AN EYE ON THAT HORSE, PULL--TILL I FREE THESE FELLOWS!



MOMENTS LATER...

IF THESE FELLOWS STOLE GOLD DUST, THERE ARE LEGAL WAYS TO PUNISH THEM!

PRETTY HIGH-WAIDED, AINT YUH, WAKELY?



BUT ASSES YUH'RE RIGHT...A...I SURE I'VE BEEN TOO HARD ON THE MINERS! NO HARD FEELINGS, WAKELY... COME ON, I'LL SHOW YUH AROUND!

SLIDE CHANGED HIS TUNE KIND OF FAST! WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS?



JIMMY WAKELY



GOES JIMMY AND THE FORE-
MAN PASS THROUGH THE
MINE WARD --

BAH! I STILL SAY
WE OUGHTA SET
RID O' THEM ABOVE-
MAKERS PRONTO!
AN' I GOT A
SCORE TO
SETTLE WTH
WAKELY!

THE BOSS
KNOWS
WHAT
HE'S
DOIN',
RED!



IN A BUILDING, MINERS
DRESS AFTER A WORK
DAY --

AFTER
A SHIFT BELOW,
EVERY WORKER
IS THOROUGHLY
SEARCHED --
TIP TO TOP IN
HERE!

YOU'RE
CERTAINLY
CAREFUL!



ONE TRICK USED TO BE TO
RUN THEIR FINGERS THROUGH
THEIR HAIR LEAVING GOLD
DUST IN IT! YUH KIN SEE
HOW WE STOPPED THAT...



THAT'S WHERE OUR GUARDS
LIE! NO DOUBT, WAKELY,
YUH BEEN WONDERIN' WHY WE
NEED SUCH A HEAVY FORCE
O' ARMED GUARDS HERE!
WELL, ONE REASON IS THIS --



-- WE'VE BEEN PLAGUED BY
A BOLD GANG O' OUTLAW-
MASKED RAIDERS WHO SMOOP
DOWN ON THE MINE FROM
TREASURE MOUNTAIN
UP HONDER!



YEP! THEY'RE
RECKLESS -- BREAK
THROUGH OUR DE-
FENSES! WE NEED
EVERY GUNNINK
WE GOT -- TO
DRIVE 'EM
OFF!

I SEE...
WE'RE
GONNA
BLOW
NOW,
DALTON?





JIMMY WARELY



THE NEXT MOMENT... THE COWBOY AGE IS ENTOMBED
BEHIND WALLS OF ROCK...



SOON AFTER...IN THE GUARDY
BUNKHOUSE...



IN THE MINE YARD...AS NIGHT FALLS
ON A WORRIED MINE TROUPE...





JIMMY WAKELY



OUT OF THEIR QUARTERS POUR THE BIG TREASURE GUARDS...

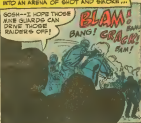
AN OUTLAW
RAID I POUR
IT INTO HIM!



A PITCHED BATTLE TURNS THE RARE YARD INTO AN ARRENA OF SHOT AND BACKER...

GOSH--I HOPE THOSE
ARE GUARDS CAN
DRIVE THOSE
RAIDERS OFF!

BLAM!
BANG!
CRACK!
BAM!



MEANWHILE...UNDERGROUND...

THIS MATCH
FLAME BARELY
GLOWS... THAT
MEANS THE
OXYGEN IN THIS
POCKET IS
ALMOST GONE...



**SUDDENLY, THE EASTER WIND WHIPS
OFF HIS CARTRIDGE BELT, POOR OPEN THE
BULLETS...**

IF THIS DOESN'T WORK...
I'M DONE FOR... HARD
TO BREATHE... CAN'T
DIG MY WAY OUT...
OF THIS ROCK...



**FILLING AN OLD TIN CAN WITH POWDER FROM
HIS CARTRIDGES, JIMMY PROVIDES A CRUEL
EXPLOSIVE...**

THIS BLUNT... MAY
BLOW ME APART...
BUT I'VE GOT TO
TRY IT! ANYWAYS
BETTER THAN...
WAITING TO DIE...



**BACKING AWAY FROM THE CAN...
JIMMY FIRES HIS LAST BULLET...**





JIMMY WAKELY



THEN, THROUGH A
SMALL JAGGED
HOLE IN THE ROCK
SLIDE...

MADE IT! BLEW A
HOLE JUST MORE
ENOUGH...WHAT'S
THAT? SURPRISE!!



DASHING OUT OF THE
MINE SHAFT...

OH...
DOWN!

WAKELY!
WHAT IN
GLAZES...?



OUTTA MY WAY,
YUH SAD! THIS
IS NO HOLLY-
WOOD MOVIE!

HIS GUN WENT
OFF AGAINST
MY CHEST...AND
I'M NOT
HURT!



AS THE RACKED BROTHERS GALLOP
OFF, LADEN WITH GOLD...



THEY GOT AWAY,
RED-- WITH
PLENTY O'
LOOT!

NO SENSE TRYIN' TO
TRAIL 'EM TONIGHT--
WE'LL WAIT
TILL DAWN!



YOU HAD US WORRIED,
JIMMY! BUT--WHAT
DO YOU MEAN THAT
SUNLIGHT LOOKED
PECULIAR?

FOR ONE THING,
PAUL--ALL THAT
SHOOTING... AND
NO ONE'S
HURT!



I'VE GOT A CERTAIN
NOTION... AND I'M GOING
TO FIND OUT HERE AND
NOW WHETHER I'M RIGHT!

YEAH? WHATTA
YUH WANT--
WAKELY?

HOLD
IT, DOWN!





JIMMY WAKELY



LIKE THE SNAP OF A WHIP, THE COWBOY ACE'S ARM SHOOT'S OUT AND GRABS BOND'S PISTOL ...

I WANT A LOOK AT YOUR GUN! ALL YOU GUARDS KEEP STILL ... REAL STILL ... SAYVY?

HEY!

QUICKLY, JIMMY REMOVES THE AUTOMATIC'S CLIP ... AND DISCOVERS ...

BLANK CARTRIDGES!! I THOUGHT SO! THAT FIGHT WAS A FAKE FROM START TO FINISH!

JUMP 'EM, BOYS! FAST!

BUT AS THE WINE GUARDS SPRING FORWARD, A GUN SPEARS WITH CHILLING ACCURACY ...

BAM! CRACK! **BANG! BAW!**

I'LL SHOOT A MITE LOWER NEXT TIME, YOU CRITTERS ... AND I'M NOT SHOOTING BLANKS! RAISE 'EM!

HE'S ... HE'S GOT US DEAD TO RIGHTS, RED!

USE THE PHONE IN THE WINE OFFICE, PAUL ... CALL THE COUNTY SHERIFF AND HAVE HIM GET OUT HERE PRONTO!

OKAY, JIM! BUT--

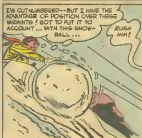
--WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

ON A COYOTE HUNT! AND THE TRAIL'S STILL WARM!





JIMMY WAKELY





JIMMY WAKELY



ANKLE-DEEP IN THE SNOW, THE OUTLAWS AWAKEN TOO LATE TO THE CROWDING
NEEDS--DESCENDING TOWARD THEM...



CRUNCH! BAM!

PICKED 'EM ALL UP
LIKE A VACUUM CLEANER!
NOW! AND THE BALL IS
HEADING FOR THAT
TREE! THAT'LL STOP IT,
BEFORE IT GETS TOO
BIG...

**SOON AFTER... JIMMY FINISHES A 'SALVAGE'
JOB...**



YOU'RE THE LAST
ONE, DALTON! OUR LITTLE
PARTY IS COMPLETE--FOR
THE TRIP TO JAIL!

**LATER... WITH ALL DALTON'S OUTLAW--
GUARDS--SAFELY BEHIND BARS...**



I GOT HERE AS
SOON AS I COULD,
JIMMY! WHAT'S
UP?

EVERYTHING'S UNDER
CONTROL NOW, MR.
JEFFERS! YOUR ROSS-
MAN DALTON HAD HIM-
SELF QUITE A RACKET...



HE WORKED BOTH
SIDES OF THE FENCE--
STEALING EVEN WHILE
HE PRETENDED TO
PROTECT YOUR
INTERESTS!

I'VE LEARNED MY
LESSON, JIMMY--
THERE'LL BE NO
MORE GUNMEN--
GUARDS AT NO
TREASURE
MINE...

**LATER...THE MINE OWNER, ADDRESSES
HIS EMPLOYEES...**



MEN, I'M DOUBLING
YOUR PAY--AND THERE'LL
BE NO MORE TYRANNY HERE!
FROM NOW ON WE'LL ALL
WORK TOGETHER ON THE
BASIS OF MUTUAL TRUST!

HOOEY! THREE
CHEERS FOR
MR. JEFFERS
AND JIMMY
WAKELY!!

THE
END

PHIL RIZZUTO
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE

WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS **YOU!**

THAT'S AN
IMPORTANT
TRAINING
FACT!

CAPTAIN WAYNE OF
WHEAT KERNEL

THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!

See that wheat kernel bursting with dynamic
power? There's one of those in every
WHEATIES flake—already to spark you
every day.

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flakes of Wheaties are
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BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS



JIMMY WARELY



BULLEYE BILLY



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SQUEEKIE!

Bill told me to 'GO FLY A KITE' UNLESS I FIX MY STRINGY HAIR!

TRY SOAPLESS WILDBROOT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO WITH LAMOUN!

MINI-LOADS OF SUDS!

RINGS OUT WITH JUST WATER-GUARMS HAIR AND LEAVES IT SQUEEKEE CLEAN!

ON THE HAYRIDE

GEE, MY HAIR'S SO SOFT AND EASY TO MANAGE!

FORGET THE KITE-KATE - NOW ABOUT ANOTHER DATE?

THANKS TO WILDBROOT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO!

Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo

29¢



JIMMY WAKELY



Jimmy Wakely

WHEN A LONE SHOT ECHOED THROUGH DEATH VALLEY, IT SET OFF A PUZZLING CHAIN OF EVENTS WHICH SHEPT JIMMY WAKELY, HOLLYWOOD'S COWBOY CAVALIER, ACROSS THE PATHS OF THREE DANGEROUS MEN! AND WHEN THE HARD-RIDING CONBOY ACE MOVED TO PIECE TOGETHER THE MAZE OF CLUES, HE SOON FOUND HIMSELF A LIKELY CANDIDATE FOR A ...

DEATH VALLEY **AMBUSH!**





JIMMY WAKELY



A S JIMMY WAKELY
FEDS THROUGH
DEATH VALLEY...

KAB-**BLAM!**
BAM-BAM!

WOA, BONNY!
SOUNDS LIKE
GUNFIRE IN THE
DISTANCE!



A
MINUTE
LATER...

TIMELINE THUNDER
BOLTS! IT WAS
GUNFIRE I HEARD,
AND THAT POOR
CRITTER THERE
LOOKS LIKE HE
WAS ON THE RE-
CEIVING END!
KUP, BONNY...



ON THE LEDGE ABOVE THE FALLEN MAN,
JIMMY ADOPTS A DESPERATE PLAN...

CAUGHT 'YA!
BACK...
BONNY!
BACK!



LATER...

STEADY, KISTER...
YOU'VE A WASTY
HEAD WOUND!
ANY IDEA WHO
GUNNED YOU?

I SAW HIS FACE
BUT...I...I CAN'T
REMEMBER... CAN'T
REMEMBER...



IF YOU DON'T AIM TO
TELL ME WHO BUSH-
WHACKED YOU, THAT'S
YOUR BUSINESS, I
GUESS... BUT YOUR
HORSE HAS RUN OFF
BETTER LET ME HELP
YOU INTO TOWN!

HONEST, I'M NOT TRYING
TO PLAY CASSEY WITH YOU!
IT'S JUST THAT... I'M...
I'M CLOUDED UP! I
DON'T EVEN... RE-
COLLECT MY NAME...



I REMEMBER COMING
OUT WEST ON SOME
SORT OF BUSINESS...
BRIGHT BUSINESS!
TO SEE SOMEONE
IN SAND CITY!...
BUT I CAN'T
REMEMBER...
WHAT FOR...

YOUR PAPERS HERE
SHOW YOUR NAME
IS FRED ANDREWS,
A CONSTRUCTION
ENGINEER FROM SCRANTON!
BUT THAT WON'T
HELP US FIND OUT WHO
WAS TRYING TO KILL YOU!



JIMMY WAHLEY



SUDDENLY...

SEN! DON'T
MOVE A
MUSCLE!

WHA...?



I CAUGHT THE GLINT OF FIELD GLASSES
FROM THE CANYON TOP! SCREBBODY'S
WATCHING US--- IF I CAN MAKE HIM BELIEVE
I'M BURYING YOU, HE MIGHT TIP HIS HAND
AND SHED SOME LIGHT ON THE ARKUSH!



THE PEARIE PRINCE DIGS A SHALLOW GRAVE,
AND WITH A BLANKET...

ALL RIGHT! NO ONE CAN SEE
YOU NOW!... CRAWL FOR THE
ROCKS--I'LL BURY THAT
DEAD TREE BRANCH AND HOPE
THAT OUR SNIPER FRIEND UP
THERE THINKS IT'S YOU!

WY-NEAR!



IF THAT VULTURE
UP THERE IS THE
ONE WHO FIRED
AT ME, I WANT
TO GET HIM!

SO DO I-- BUT WE
WOULDN'T STAND A
CHANCE! HE COULD
PICK US OFF BEFORE
WE GOT HALF WAY
THERE!



JIMMY TELLS THE 'SEAME'... THEN...

I WISH I KNEW
WHY I WAS HEAD-
ING FOR SAND CITY!
I'D BETTER GO ON
TO THERE AND
FIND OUT!

NO SENSE
IN MUR-
DERING YOURSELF,
FEED! YOU

CAN'T RECOGNIZE
THE MAN WHO TRIED
TO KILL YOU-- HE'D
ARKUSH YOU AGAIN!
HEM... THERE ARE
HANDS OF THESE
SAND CITY PEOPLE
IN YOUR BOOK!



I'LL VISIT THEM! THEY
MIGHT KNOW YOU, AND GIVE
ME A LEAD! HEH... THESE
HANDS ARE -- CARL
EDWARDS -- JAMES
BENDER -- FRANK
COTTER!



AS THE SNIPER EYES OFF...

I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THAT
RIDER AS SOON AS I BANDAGE
YOUR HEAD! I'LL LEAVE YOU
SUPPLIES! CAMP OUT OF
SIGHT NEAR HERE, FEED,
UNTIL I RETURN...



JIMMY WAKELY



THE WESTERN ACE RIDES TOWARD THE LIVERY STABLE IN SAND CITY, WHERE ...

SEE A RIDER WITH HIS MOUNT ALL TUCKERED OUT FROM HARD RIDING, OLD-TIMER?

YEP! HIS HORSE IS INSIDE LATHERED UP PLENTY!



BUT AS JIMMY STEPS INSIDE...

FELLER WAS FAMILIAR--LEARNED TO THINK OF HIS NAME NOW... NAME!

WHAT'S THAT? SOME-ONE'S GETTING THE PLACE AFIRE! GET THE HORSES OUT OF HERE!



QUICKLY THE COWBOY KIDS PRESS THE FEARED HORSES ... BUT AS HE DOES...



THE MURDERER'S GETTING AWAY!

ATTRACTED BY THE SHOTS, TWO MEN HURRY UP...

SHERIFF! YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! THE KILLER IS GETTING AWAY!



GRAB HIM!

GOLLY... IT'S JIMMY WAKELY!

RIGHTY SORRY, JIMMY! DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU AT FIRST!

THAT AM-BUSHER'S A CLEVER ONE... PROBABLY MEANT TO GET ME TOO! BUT HE'LL BE SURE NOW THAT THE OLD-TIMER CAN'T REVEAL HIS IDENTITY!





JIMMY WAKELY



LATER, AS JIMMY RELATES HIS STORY TO THE SHERIFF ...

SO THAT'S THE STORY, SHERIFF! ANYTHING YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO TELL ME ABOUT FRED ANDREWS WOULD HELP!

SURE! FRED WAS COMIN' HERE TO INHERIT HIS FATHER'S RANCH! UNDERSTAND HE INTENDED TO DIG THROUGH RED ROCK CANYON TO SHORTEN HIS CATTLE RUN TO MARKET!

I'M HOPING ONE OF THE THREE NAMES HE HAD IN HIS NOTE BOOK, WILL GIVE ME A LEAD... EDWARDS, BENDER, OR COTTER!

EDWARDS IS THE BIGGEST CATTLEMAN IN THESE PARTS... OTHERS ARE JUST SMALL POY! HERE ARE THEIR ADDRESSES, JIMMY!

WITHIN THE NEXT TWO HOURS, JIMMY VISITS THE THREE MEN IN FRED ANDREWS' NOTEBOOK ...

POOR FRED, DEAD! WELL, MR. WAKELY, I KNOW ONE THING! HE AND JAMES BENDER WERE FIERCE ENEMIES! SHERIFF BENDER CHEATED FRED'S FATHER ON A HORSE DEAL!

THANKS FOR THE INFO, MR. EDWARDS!

SURE! SURE! I KNOW SOMEONE WHO'D LIKE TO SEE FRED PUSHIN' UP Daises... FRANK COTTER... THAT'S WHO! FRED STOLE HIS GIRL FRIEND!

NOW, I AIN'T ACCUSIN' YA, SEE... BUT CARL EDWARDS, THE CATTLE MAN, HATED FRED... ALWAYS DID!

THANK, MR. BENDER!

WELL, COULD, COTTER!

AS JIMMY RETURNS TO TOWN...

ALL THREE OF THOSE HOMBERS WERE ATTEMPTING TO ACCUSE THE OTHER! WON'T BE PERSONAL GRUBBING BETWEEN THEM! RECKON I'D BETTER PAY A VISIT TO FRED'S RANCH NOW TO SEE WHAT I CAN FIND.

JIMMY INSPECTS THE BACK AT THE ANDREWS RANCH ...

FRED'S ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT TO BREAK A NEW TRAIL THROUGH THE CANYON! WHAT'S THE MATTER, SONNIE? IF YOU'RE ACTING SIGHTY SCOTCHMAN!





JIMMY WAKELY





JIMMY WAKELY



F EVEN ONE OF THEM HAD BEEN HOME, IT COULD HAVE ELIMINATED A SUSPECT! HAH... JUST GOT AN IDEA!



SHORTLY, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

JIMMY!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

NO TIME TO EX-
PLAIN, SHERIFF!
ROUND UP
EDWARDS, BEN-
DER AND COTTER,
FIRST THING IN
THE MORNING!
I'VE GOT A PLAN
THAT MIGHT
REVEAL THE
KILLER!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

HERE HE IS!

WHAT'S THE
IDEA, WAKELY?

THE IDEA IS...
ONE OF YOU
IS A KILLER!



AT FIVE O'CLOCK YESTERDAY, THE
BANK WAS AMBUSHED, FRED ANDERSON
AND THE LIVERY STABLEHAND, ALSO
TRIED TO KILL ME! WHERE WERE
EACH OF YOU AT THAT TIME?



WH-WHY--I
WAS ON MY
WAY TO
TOWN!

I--ER--WAS
HUNTING!



AND I WAS AT MY
BUNCH ALL DAY! NOW
I'M GETTING OUT OF
HERE! I'VE HAD
ENOUGH OF YOUR
CRACKPOT HOME
THEORIES, WAKELY!

TAKE HIM, SHERIFF!
CARL EDWARDS
IS YOUR
KILLER!



I'LL SUE YOU
FOR THAT! YOU
CAN'T ACCUSE
AN INNOCENT
MAN OF MURDER
IN THIS TOWN!

I CAN WITH AN EYE WIT-
NESS-- OKAY, FRED!
C'MON IN!





JIMMY WAKELY



"TILT AND SEE PICTURE MOVE."

FREE at no extra cost
PLASTIC
MAGIC
 MOVING PICTURE
EYE

Actual
 Size



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 Star of Paramount
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 Bob Hope Show



WILLIAM HOLDEN
 Star of
 "Submarine
 Command," a
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Douglas Shyrocket
 Jet Plane



Mark Trail's
 dog, Andy



BOBEY RIGGS,
 shows famous
 tennis backhand

SEE PICTURES MOVE!

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NEW FUN! Attach to clothing! Wear 'em on a cord! Tie series together to hang on wall! Bright colors!

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 American Airlines Hostess
 Clyde Beatty, famous wild animal trainer
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JIMMY WAKELY



★ Kit Colby

GIRL SHERIFF

WHO WERE THE MYSTERIOUS SHADOWS THAT THREATENED THE LIFE OF KIT COLBY, PRETTY GIRL SHERIFF OF MOON BOW, AFTER SHE RECEIVED AN UNEXPECTED GIFT? AND WHY DID RANSKED OUTLAWS GAMBLE THEIR FREEDOM ON STEALING INSIGNIFICANT LOOT? THESE WERE THE BURNING QUESTIONS KIT HAD TO ANSWER IN HER DESPERATE STRUGGLE TO SOLVE...

**"THE SECRET OF THE
SILVER GUN BELT!"**



IT IS MID-AFTERNOON
IN MOON BOW WHEN...

ROUND UP A POSSE ---
QUICK! SHERIFF COLBY'S
TRAPPED SILVER SHEEN
OUT EAGLE ROCK SAY---
JAY NEED SOME HELP!

SILVER
SHEEN!
GREAT THIN-
GERSATION! KIT
ALWAYS SAID
SHE'D CORRAL
THAT HORSE!



MEANWHILE, KIT COLBY, MOON BOW'S PEFTY
GIRL SHERIFF, SECRETLY CLOSING IN HER
QUARRY...

Y-YUH
WON'T LIVE TO TAKE
ME IN COLBY!

HE'S ENTLED! NOW
IF I CAN JUST BLIP
IN HERE QUIET LIKE...



BUT AS KIT STUMBLES AGAINST THE ROCK
CONCEALMENT...

SO THERE
YOU ARE!

SNOW / SHEEN'S
SURE TRIGGER-HAPPY!
RECKON I'M IN CLOSE
ENOUGH NOW...



THEN, AS THE CONFUSED OUTLAW SCANS
THE ROCKS FOR THE BLUISH GIRL SHERIFF...

I WON'T BE MULLIN'
TO GIVE MYSELF UP
COLBY! CATCH OUT!
LET'S TALK THINGS
OVER!

WE'LL HAVE A POW-WOW
SHEEN--- BUT IT WON'T
BE THE KIND YOU
HAVE IN MIND!



DEFTLY, THE GIRL SHERIFF TUGS
UPON HER LARIAT AND...

SO THAT'S WHERE
YUH'RE HIDEIN'!
I'LL BLAST
YUH PROPER--
SARON!

YOU REALLY
DIDN'T THINK
I'D FRISK A
POPCAT LIKE
YOU, DID YOU,
SHEEN?



IT'LL BE A LONG TIME
BEFORE THE LIKES OF
YOU BOTHER HONEST
FOLK AGAIN!





JIMMY WAKELY



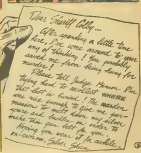
LATER, AT SILVER SHEEN'S TRIAL...



OUTSIDE THE COURT-ROOM, AS KIT AND HER DEPUTY, JESS SAVERS, ESCORT SHEEN TO THE PRISON STAGE-COACH...



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...





JIMMY WAKELY





JIMMY WARELY



LAST EVENING, AT KIT'S HOME...



WHAT WAS THAT?

SUDDENLY, AS KIT LOOKS UP...



A HAND—REACHING FOR THE SILVER, GUN BELT!

QUICKLY THE GIRL SHERIFF GRABS A STEAK KNIFE AND...



PUNNED HIS SLEEVE!

PLUNK!

BUT WHEN KIT RUSHES FOR THE OUTLAW ...

BLAST YUH, COLBY! YUH MUST HAVE EYES IN THE BACK OF YORE HEAD!

BALE FOWLER'S VOICE! GWH--!



SLAM!

THEN, WHEN KIT GAINS HER FEET...

SO BALE FOWLER AND HIS BOYS ARE AFTER MY SILVER GUN BELT! PROBABLY DIDNT WANT TO SHOOT FOR FEAR OF ALARMING THE NEIGHBORHOOD! BUT IT DOESNT MAKE SENSE. THERE ISNT THAT MUCH SILVER ON IT!



LATER, WHEN KIT ARRIVES AT HER OFFICE ...

BUT YOUR SILVER BELT COULDN'T BE WORTH MORE THAN A HUNDRED DOLLARS! WHY SHOULD THEY GO TO SO MUCH TROUBLE TO STEAL IT?

I DON'T KNOW, JEFF...ITS PUZZLING! BUT I THINK I'VE A WAY OF FINDING OUT!





JIMMY WAKELY



LATER, AT GUS' BROODY'S LEATHER SHOP IN MOON BOW ...

THANKS, GUS! JUST AS LONG AS I HAVE IT IN TIME FOR THE MOON BOW BENEFIT, DAY AFTER TOMORROW!

WHY, HERE, KIT! DON'T SUPPOSE I'D HAVE MUCH TROUBLE DOIN' THAT LITTLE JOB FOR YUH! 'COURSE, IT'LL TAKE 'RE A DAY OR TWO!



TWO DAYS LATER WHEN THE GIRL, SHERIFF AND HER DEPUTY, JEFF, ATTEND MOON BOW'S BENEFIT FOR ORPHANS ...

STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS! WIN VALUABLE PRIZES! FIVE BULL'S-EYES IN A ROW WINS THE SILVER GUN BELT DONATED BY SHERIFF KIT COLEBY!

LOOK, KIT! BALE FOWLER AND HIS BOYS ARE SURE FALLING FOR YOUR SCHEME!



AS FOWLER AND HIS GANG BLAST AWAY AT THE TARGET ...

YOU GOT ANOTHER PRIZE, FOWLER!

I GOT ANOTHER BULL'S-EYE! LET'S HAVE THE SILVER GUN BELT!



SORRY... BUT YOU GOTTA GET FIVE BULL'S-EYES IN A ROW! YOU ONLY GOT TWO!

I CAN'T WAIT FOR FOWLER TO HIT THE MARK! I'LL HAVE TO HELP HIM!



TWING HER SHOTS WITH FOWLERS, KIT DINGS OFF THE BULL'S-EYES ...

I COULD TAKE FOWLER IN NOW BUT I'D NEVER FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND THE SILVER BELT! SOMEONE ELSE IS LIABLY TO SPOIL OUR PLANS BY GETTING THOSE BULL'S-EYES BEFORE HE DOES!

I GOT 'EM!

BONG! BONG! BONG!

AWEE! BALE, YOU WIN THE BELT!



IGNORING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF THE CROWD, FOWLER AND HIS BEN QUICKLY LEAVE THE BENEFIT ...

NOW AMBE WE'LL FIND OUT WHY THOSE GUNSHOTS ARE SO ANXIOUS TO GRAB THAT BELT!

GOT TO BE CAREFUL THEY DON'T SPOT US, KIT!





JIMMY WAKELY



AFTER TWO HOURS OF HARD RIDING ...



SWIFTLY THE GIRL, SHERIFF AND HER DEPUTY SMOOD DOWN ON THE OUTLAWS...



THEN, AS KIT AND JESS RIDE HEAD-ON INTO GUNFIRE ...





JIMMY WAKELY



SUDDENLY, BEFORE THE GIRL-SHERIFF CAN WHEEL ABOUT...

HERE'S YOUR
PHONY GUN
BELT, SHERIFF!

AS FOWLER MAKES HIS
BREAK FOR FREEDOM...

WONDER IF I CAN
STOP A HEEL
WITH A HEEL?

Heel...!

THE REAL DECORATIONS
ON THE SILVER GUN BELT ARE
ACTUALLY A SECRET MAP
TO SILVER SHEEN'S BURIED
LOOT. AREN'T THEY, FOW-
LER? SINCE I WAS ABOVE
SUSPICION IN THE EYES OF
THE PRISON OFFICIALS,
SHEEN USED ME TO PASS ON
THE INFORMATION OUT-
BY SENDING ME THE SILVER
GUN BELT! THAT'S WHY YOU
AND YOUR MEN TRIED SO
HARD TO GET IT!

AS THE GIRL-SHERIFF AND
HER DEPUTY SURVEY THE
EXCAVATION...

BUT, KIT, IF
THE GUN BELT
GAVE BROD-
DY JADE WAS AN
EXACT DUPLI-
CATE, WHY
DIDN'T FOW-
LER AND HIS
MEN FIND
THE LOOT?

I TOLD HIM
NOT TO MAKE
IT TOO EXACT--
JUST IN CASE
THEY DID suc-
CEED. SOME-
HOW, IN GETTING
AWAY WITH IT,
HERE'S THE
REAL ONE! LET'S
HAVE FOWLER
AND HIS
MEN DIS UP THE
RIGHT LOCATION!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

SILVER SHEEN'S
STOLEN LOOT!

DON'T
TOUCH
IT, BOYS!

IT'S ALL SOUND-
ING BACK WHERE
IT WAS STOLEN
FROM!

AFTER THE GANG IS JAILED...

I STILL CAN'T
FIGURE OUT WHY
SHEEN WOULD BE
FOOL ENOUGH TO
GIVE THE LOCATION
OF HIS BURIED
LOOT TO FOW-
LER AND HIS
MEN!

SHEEN
JUST HAD
A WORKING
AGREE-
MENT WITH
FOWLER, JIM.
IN EXCHANGE
FOR THE HD-
DEN CACHE
FOWLER WAS TO
ENGINEER AN
ESCAPE FOR
SHEEN! WELL,
IT'LL BE A LONG
TIME BEFORE
EITHER OF
THEM ARE
FREE NOW!

THE END



ON MANY OF THESE "KWIZ" STATEMENTS CAN YOU COMPLETE WITH YOUR PENCIL. CHECK A, B OR C ON EACH STATEMENT. THEN COMPARE YOUR SELECTIONS WITH THE ANSWERS BELOW! RATE YOURSELF TEN POINTS FOR EACH CORRECT SOLUTION!

1 THE INDIAN TRIBE THAT FOUGHT UNDER SITTING BULL WAS THE
a. Seneca b. Cheyenne c. Sioux

2 THE STATE KNOWN AS THE "BARK STATE" IS
a. Arizona b. Utah c. Oklahoma

3 A COLLECTION OF CATTLE BY COWBOYS IS KNOWN AS
a. Jambores b. Roundup c. Pow-wow

4 THE FIRST COWBOYS WERE
a. Americans b. Mexicans c. Frenchmen



5 AN ANIMAL NOT MENTIONED IN THE SONG "HOME ON THE RANGE" IS
a. Antelope b. Coyote c. Deer

6 THE STATE BIRD OF OKLAHOMA IS
a. Bobwhite b. Wren c. Mockingbird

7 THE EXPLODER WHO BROUGHT CATTLE TO THIS COUNTRY WAS
a. Bleigh b. Hudson c. Columbus

8 A COWBOY SLEEPS INDOORS IN A
a. Burkhous b. Hacienda c. Outstar

9 THE STATE FLOWER OF NEW MEXICO IS
a. Dandelion b. Yucca c. Daisy

10 BUFFALO BILL WAS A FAMOUS WESTERN
a. Desperado b. Scout c. General

The Answers	6-D	9-B
	7-B	10-B
	8-C	
	9-C	
	10-C	

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WHEN YOU ORDER YOUR NEW BAY "Bendix Coaster Brake" Your dealer will do the rest.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BRAKE ARM!

- PEDALS EASIER
- COASTS FARTHER
- STOPS QUICKER
- LASTS LONGER





JIMMY WARELY



'Bury the **HATCHET**' IS MORE THAN JUST AN EXPRESSION!



...AND
BURIED!

THE TOMAHAWK WITH ONE
SIDE HOLLOWED INTO A
PIPE BOWL, WAS AT ONCE
THE SYMBOL OF WAR AND
PEACE! IT WAS CEREMONI-
ALLY SMOKED AT THE
TERMINATION OF HOSTI-
LITIES—



THE EARLIEST TOMAHAWKS
WERE OF FLINTED STONE,
SHARPENED TO A POINT ON
EACH END, AND PASSED
THROUGH A HOLE BORED
IN A STOUT CLUB! SOME-
TIMES, DEER ANTLERS WERE
USED FOR THE HEAD!



BUT THE TOMAHAWK WAS IMMEDIATELY **BURIED**
UPAS SOON AS FIGHTING WAS RESUMED!

THE PIONEERS' DOUBLE-BLADED AXE INFLUENCED
THE ADOPTION OF **IRON TOMAHAWK HEADS** BY
THE AMERICAN INDIAN!



"YIP-YIP-YIP-YIP-EE-EE!" The call rang through the clear morning air, sending a nervous gopher scurrying into his hole. Before the last echo died, a rider rounded the sharp turn in the trail and galloped up to a crude stone hut, almost hidden by the side of the mountain.

"Hey, Jim, haven't you got a fresh pony ready for me?" he shouted to a man standing in the doorway. "I've got a long trail to travel in a hurry, and this poor little feller's plumb tuckered out." The rider flung himself off his horse and stretched his cramped body. "Indiana ran off with the whole string of ponies last night, Bob," the station keeper answered. "Would've made a pin cushion out of me if I hadn't made myself scarce!"

"Well, it's a good thing I left the mail pouch on the saddle. Saves me the trouble of packing up again. Can't let a few Indians hold me up!"

Bob, who still looked young enough to play cowboys and Indians, climbed back on the sweat-streaked pony and turned West once more. He waved Jim a silent adieu, and touched his spurs lightly to his horse. They had hardly passed the empty corral when he wheeled around and hailed the station keeper again.

"Jim, I forgot to tell you—we've got a

new president!"

"Are you loco or something, youngster?" the older man booted. "They ain't even had time to count the ballots!" Bob only laughed. "I'm not crazy, and I'm telling you Abraham Lincoln's the new president of the United States! Haven't you learned by now news travels faster when it's carried by Pony Express?"

The year was 1861, and the month November. All across the United States and the Western territories people were wondering who would succeed James Buchanan in the White House. There was good reason for anxiety. The States were on the brink of Civil War, and if Lincoln, the outspoken opponent of slavery was elected, open warfare was almost inevitable.

There were no telephones or telegraph lines to send the news humming across the continent. Yet the word was passed from St. Joseph, Missouri to Sacramento, California, in eight days, thanks to the lightning service of the Pony Express. The story behind this human telegraph service is one of the most exciting in America's history.

Alexander Majors was the driving force behind the venture, in spite of his belief that it could never be a financial success. Majors had cut his "business" teeth as a

freight driver on the Santa Fe Trail. And a rough apprenticeship it was, riding for days behind a team of oxen, half suffocated by clouds of alkali dust, bogged down in a muddy trail, drenched to the skin, plus having to be on the lookout for a surprise attack from the Plains Indians.

It took a determined, strong person to graduate from that school, and Majors not only made good, but established his own freight business as soon as he had enough capital. His caravans of twenty-five conestogas closed the gap between Independence, Missouri and Santa Fe, and even reached to Salt Lake City.

Majors entered into partnership with Russell and Waddell once, he was established in Independence, and out of this alliance grew the Pony Express.

It had always been a dream of Senator Gwin of California to have a regular mail route linking the East and West. He met Mr. Russell in New York during the winter of 1859-60, and Russell agreed to set up a route from cities on the Missouri River to Sacramento. Promises are often easy to make, but difficult to carry out, and the task of translating word into deed fell upon Alexander Majors' shoulders.

The line had to be completed by April 1, which gave him a little less than three months to buy horses, hire riders, build swing stations along the route, and most important, choose a trail and clear it. That he was able to do all this on schedule is a miracle even Majors couldn't explain.

The trail was 1,966 miles long and covered the roughest terrain in the West. Every fifteen miles there was a swing station where the riders switched horses, and every

60 to 80 miles Majors provided his men with cabins complete with hunks and food. It took 300 tenders to man these outposts and eighty riders to keep the mails moving.

Only the hardiest, most skilled riders could stand the terrific pace, and Majors hand-picked his messengers. They were equipped with a bowie knife, a six-shooter, and light, warm huckskins. Their hats were the low crowned variety, designed to stay put in a high wind or a fast ride. Light saddles were made to order, and the only extra gear was the precious mail pouch.

Many famous heroes had their baptism of fire on the Pony Express route. Bill Cody is probably the best known among them. He traveled 322 miles with only one hour of rest on one grueling trip from Red Butte, Wyoming, to the change station at Three Crossings and back again. Man and horse didn't laze along either. The whole journey was paced at a fast run.

Pony Bob Haslam carried the news of Lincoln's election to the presidency across Nevada, after fighting it out with a party of Piute Indians on the way. If the arrow that caught him in the jaw had fallen a few inches lower, it would have been days before California received the election results, and Majors would have lost one of his best Express riders.

The Pony Express couldn't compete with modern science, and when telegraph wires were strung up on the old Overland Trail, Alexander Majors knew it was time to close shop. The Express' brief history ended in October, 1861. Only one man and one mail had been lost during the perilous months of service, a truly phenomenal record.

—M. Sarsfance



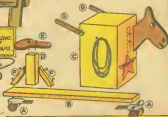
Tinker Tom

SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE
A PRAIRIE SCOOTER

MATERIALS NEEDED
1" BY 4" PLANK ABOUT 5 FEET LONG,
ONE ROLLER SKATE, ONE FRONT
CRATE, NAILS, AND WOOD SCRAPS.



BE THE FIRST BUCKAROO IN
YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO RIDE
A PRAIRIE SCOOTER!



1. SEPARATE THE ROLLER SKATE (B) AS SHOWN ABOVE AND NAIL FIRMLY TO THE 2"x4" PLANK (A).
2. NAIL THE CRATE (C) TO THE FRONT OF THE PLANK.
3. TO MAKE THE SEAT, NAIL A PIECE OF STURDY WOOD (E) TO PLANK (A) AS SHOWN. ATTACH THE CUTOUT SEAT (D) AT TOP AND NAIL IN BRACES (G).
4. NAIL THE HANDLEBARS (F) TO THE BOX.
5. DRAW HORSE'S HEAD ON A PIECE OF CRATE WOOD, SAW IT OUT AND NAIL TO FRONT OF BOX.
6. PAINT SHERIFF'S STAR ON FRONT OF BOX. ATTACH YOUR LASSO OR HOLSTERS TO THE SIDES.

YOU NOW HAVE A FAST "PRAIRIE SCOOTER"—
RIDE IT TO LEAD YOUR POSSE IN PURSUIT
OF MAVERICKS AND RUSTLERS!

"GOODBYE GOO!" SAYS BERT PARKS

TV STAR OF
"BREAK
THE BANK"

IT'S HERE!
THE NEW CREAM
HAIR OIL THAT'S
NOT STICKY
OR GREASY!
GROOMS HAIR
ALL DAY LONG!

DIFFERENT
BECAUSE IT'S
LIGHT-BODIED.

HOMOGENIZED
FOR EASY RINSE
IN SHAMPOO
SHAKE-TOP BOTTLE

**MONEY
BACK**

If you don't agree
it's the best liquid
cream (and most)

EASIER TO CLEAN!
NO STICKY HANDS,
HAIR OR COMB!
WASHES OFF IN
PLAIN WATER!



NEW!

VITALIS Hair CREAM

As by Dr. J. H. Rogers, author of Famous Styling

SAVE
MONEY!
40¢ PER
OZ. (4 OZ. BOTTLE)
10¢ PER
OZ. (1 OZ. BOTTLE)



JIMMY WAKELY



Jimmy Wakely



WHAT WAS THE STRANGE SECRET AT PURPLE CANYON WHICH TERRORIZED THE PEOPLE OF ANTLER CROWN—ING F HARD-RIDING JIMMY WAKELY, HOLLYWOOD'S TWO-FISTED GUNBOY ACE, WAS ANSWERED ONLY WITH SILENCE WHEN HE TRIED TO FIND OUT THE RIDGE!

WITH LIVES HANGING IN THE BALANCE, JIMMY MADE A DESPERATE EFFORT TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY BEHIND THE...

RETURN OF THE
GOLDEN HERD



JIMMY WAKELY



46 JIMMY WAKELY ENTERS A SALAD-BAR SHOP IN ANTLER CROSSING...

JIMMY WAKELY! THEY SAID YUH WERE IN TOWN TO HELP US RAISE A-MONEY FOR THE BRAZIN' LAND FUND! SIT DOWN, PRIND! YUH'RE NEXT!

THANKS! SAY, I SEE THE TOWN ISN'T ISSUING A TICK TO OBTAIN THE A-MONEY IT NEEDS TO BUY THE GREEN LAND!

PLEASE DONATE TO THE FUND

RECKON SO? JIMMY, THIS IS THE GREATEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO US AT ANTLER CROSSING! THANKS TO THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE, DUKE REYNOLDS, WE'LL GET A MIGHTY RICH PARCEL OF LAND FOR A SONG! JUST \$ 25,000!

SO I UNDER-
STAND!

SUDDENLY...

I-I SEEN 'EM! THE GOLDEN HERD! OUT PURPLE CANNON RAY! THEY'VE COME BACK--!

THE GOLDEN HERD!

NO--!

HONEST! I SAW 'EM!

SHUT UP YUH OLD FOOL!

SOMETHING WRONG, FOLKS?

W-W-N-O, JIMMY! SOMETIMES AEL HERE GETS FUNNY IDEAS! WE'LL HAVE TO CALA'M 'EM DOWN! AND GETTIN' YORE HAIR TRIMMED A WITE LATER?

NO--RECKON I CAN WAIT!

SOMETHING'S VERY PECULIAR.... THAT OLD CRITTER DOESN'T LOOK A BIT LOGO TO ME!

OUTSIDE...

LOOK! THERE'S DUKE REYNOLDS, OUR BENEFACTOR!

SO THAT'S THE MAN WHO'S GOING TO SELL INVALUABLE LAND FOR A HERE \$ 25,000? RECKON I'LL BE MEETING HIM SOON... MEANWHILE I'D LIKE TO QUESTION THAT OLD-TIMER ABOUT THE GOLDEN HERD!



JIMMY WAKELY





JIMMY WAKELY



JIMMY ROLLS TO
SHUTTER BEHIND
A PROJECTING
CANYON ROCK...

GOT TO TRY AND
GET THE JUMP ON
THESE OWLHOOTS!

A MOMENT LATER...



GRAB A
CLOUD,
BOYS!

TRICKED
US...!

SUDDENLY, AS ONE OF THE GUNMEN STUMBLES
AGAINST A BOULDER...



WHA...?!

HA HA HA! WAKELY'S
GONNA BE KNOCKED
OVER THE CLIFF
FOR SURE! HA HA!

THEN...



NOT A SIGN OF
THE CRITTER!
MUSTA STRUCK
THE RIVER WAY
DOWN BELOW!

GONNY WON'T COME OUT
OF HIS PLAYING DEAD ACT
UNTIL I WHISTLE--RECKON
THESE OWLHOOTS WON'T
THINK TO LOOK AT HIM!



WHEN THE GUNMEN LEAVE...

NOT A SIGN OF THE
GOLDEN HERD!
RECKON THAT GUN-
FIRE DROVE THEM
OFF! NOW TO TRY
PICKING UP THE
TRAIL OF THOSE
TWO HORNBILLS...





JIMMY WAKELY



REACHING THE TEEPEE, JIMMY CLEVERLY UTILIZES THE CONVENIENT BRANCH...





JIMMY WAKELY



AFTER SEARCHING THROUGH A DOZEN JACENT PAPERS, JAWW FINDS...

SO THAT'S IT...THE OLD-TWERS ARE SUPERSTITIOUS OF A GOLDEN HERD THAT RUINED THEIR TOWN ONCE! PROBABLY AFRAID OF ANOTHER PANIC!...



...AND THAT WOULD RUIN ALL THEIR PLANS FOR COLLECTING THE GRAZING LAND FUND! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT HOW KARDONAKA AND THOSE TWO ARBUSHEDS TIE INTO ALL THIS!

MR JAWW CROSSES THE TOWN SQUARE TO HIS HOTEL...



SAY, STRANGER! FIND TELLING ME WHAT ALL THE GIL-BRATIN'S ABOUT?

WE'RE HAVING AN ALL NIGHT DINE-T' RAGE MONEY FOR THE GRAZIN' FUND, JAWW!



THAT'S A RIGHTY ODD KIND OF GONVENER TO BE COLLECTING FUNDS WITH!

I KNOW, JAWW! BUT WE PLUMB RUN OUT OF THE REGULAR ONES! WE GOT HOLD OF A BUNCH OF OLD MONEY SACKS ONCE USED BY THE ABANDONED KEDVINGTON MINE!

MR JAWW TURNS...



YOU'RE JAWW WAKELY, I DASH! I GLAD TO KNOW YOU, JAWW! I'M DUKE REYNOLDS! HAPPY TO HEAR YOU'RE HELPING OUT THE GRAZING FUND!

IT'S A PLEASURE REYNOLDS!



SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU, SIR! BUT IT IS THE EVENING OF THE FULL MOON, AND THE STARS DO NOT FAVOR YOU!

YOU'RE RIGHT, CARL! I BETTER START FOR HOME IMMEDIATELY! SEE YOU LATER, WAKELY!



JIMMY WAKELY



REYNOLDS REALLY IS AS EGOCENTRIC AS THEY SAY! HIRING AN ASTROLOGER TO GUIDE HIS AFFAIRS! WELL, RECKON, I BETTER TRY AND SCOUT UP THOSE ANGLERS, AND SEE IF I CAN GET ANY MORE INFORMATION ON THEIR SKULLCROSSBERRY!



SHORTLY AS JIMMY KUNGLES IN THE CELEBRATION.



BUT WHEN THE GUNBOY ACE SEARCHES FOR AN ASSAILANT...

NEVER CATCH THAT HONORE WITHOUT BOWWY! I MUST KNOW SOMETHING RIGHTLY IMPORTANT IF THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME OFF!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING AS THE GUNBOY CAN-LIKE ARRIVES AT THE DEDICATION CEREMONY FOR THE LAND-GRAZING FUND...

HONORE, WHAT THEY'RE UP TO--TAKING ALL THAT MONEY FROM THE BANK?

IT'S THE MONEY FOR THE GRAZING FUND!

WHAT'S GOING ON, STRANGER?

FIRST BANK OF AMERICA

REAL ESTATE, INC.



BUT I THOUGHT MR. REYNOLDS WAS SUPPOSE TO PICK UP THE CASH DEPOSIT AT THE BANK?

HE WAS, BUT THAT GRAY ASTROLOGER HE KEEPS LISTENING TO WARNED HIM NOT TO CROSS THE THRESHOLD OF A BANK TODAY! TOWNFOLK DECIDED TO HAVE THE TRANSACTION IN THE REAL ESTATE OFFICE AS A CONVENIENCE TO MR. REYNOLDS!



HURRY, MEN! GET THOSE KID BAGS OVER THERE!

KID BAGS?...HE MEANS THE KEN-BASTON ONE BAGS...K...O?...IT COULD BE THE ANSWER!





JIMMY WAKELY



QUICKLY, THE COWBOY STAR HURRIES TO THE STABLES NEARBY...



MY GOSH, JIMMY! THE ABANDONED KENNINGTON ORE FIELDS ARE ABOUT FOUR MILES OUTSIDE OF TOWN ALONG THE WEST ROAD! YOU CAN'T MISS IT -- IT'S RIGHT BY LONGHORN BRIDGE!

THANKS!

LATER...ON THE WEST ROAD...



ONLY MINUTES TILL TEN. IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT THE GOLDEN HEARD SHOULD BE MAKING AN APPEARANCE PRETTY QUICK...

AS JIMMY CROSSES THE NORTHERN SIDE OF LONGHORN BRIDGE...



I WAS RIGHT, SORRY! GOT TO STOP THEM FROM ENTERING TOWN! IF HE CAN ONLY REEB THEM AWAY FROM THIS BRIDGE...

QUICKLY, JIMMY SPRINGS INTO ACTION...



SORRY'S BLANKET MIGHT STAY THE HEED AWHILE...LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO KICK-TIE THEIR LEADER...

AS THE GRIMOUS GOLDEN HEARD DESCENDS UPON THE COWBOY TROUBLEDOUR...



IT'S NOW OR NEVER, SORRY...



JIMMY WAKELY



WHILE THE HERD LEADER IS TEMPORARILY BLINDED BY THE DUST, JIMMY SPRINGS INTO ACTION ...



GOT TO... 'BREAK'... THIS BABY!

WITH THEIR LEADER "BROKEN" BY THE GUN-BOY STAR, THE CATTLE VEER OFF IN CONFUSION ...



IT WORKED! NOW I'VE GOT A SAMPLE TO FIND OUT WHAT MAKES THESE LONGHORNS GOLDEN...

GOLD DYE! ... THE CATTLE WERE DYED TO FRIGHTEN THE CITIZENS WHO REMEMBERING THE TRAGIC STAMPEDE OF 1910! NOW FOR THE BUSINESS IN TOWN ...



LATER, IN ANTLER CROSSING ...



...AND SO IN CLOSING, MY FRIENDS...

HOLD ON, YOU CROOKED GYLHOOT! SHERIFF! ASKED REYNOLDS! THIS PHONEY WANTED A CASH PAYMENT SO HE COULD ROB THE PEOPLE OF THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS...

AFTER JIMMY TELLS ABOUT STOPPING THE STAMPEDE ...



...THEN YOU MEAN REYNOLDS WANTED THE CASH IN THE REAL ESTATE OFFICE BECAUSE THE BANK WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND THE STAMPEDE?

EXACTLY! AND THE CONFUSION OF THE GOLDEN HERD STAMPEDE NO MAN WOULD'VE FLED WITH THE TOWN'S MONEY! I EXPECTED SOME KIND OF TROUBLE THIS MORNING AFTER OVERHEARING REYNOLDS MEN MAKING THEIR PLANS ...

... WHEN THE NO MONEY BACKS TIPPED AS OFF TO THE HERD'S LOCATION, IT POINTED A FINGER AT REYNOLDS! HE HAD HIS ASTROLOGER ADVISE THAT THE MONEY HE NEEDED AT THE EXACT MOMENT THE STAMPEDE WAS PLANNED!

BY THUNDER, JAWN! I'D BETTER START ROUNDIN' UP HIS GANG ... C'MON, BOYS!



THE END

TOPS IN WESTERNS!



The
FAMOUS
SUPERMAN-DC
SYMBOL
ON THE
COVER



IS YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST STORIES AND THE BEST ART
WORK BROUGHT TOGETHER IN THUNDERING
ADVENTURES SET AGAINST THE THRILLING
BACKGROUND OF THE OPEN RANGE!

DON'T MISS THESE GREAT MAGAZINES!

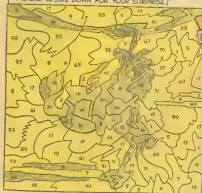


JIMMY WAKELY



TEXAS TIM SURPRISE SILHOUETTE

PENCIL, READY, PARTNER? WE'LL JUST BLACKEN IN EVERY SPACE CONTAINING AN EVEN NUMBER--SHY AWAY FROM THE ODD NUMBERS! WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED, TURN THE PICTURE UPSIDE DOWN FOR YOUR SURPRISE!



DO YOU WANT TO BE A CODE EXPERT AND DISCOVER THE NAME OF THE MYSTERY PICTURE? YOU DO?... THEN CONSIDER THAT A IS 1, B IS 2, C IS 3, D IS 4, AND SO ON, TO Z WHICH IS 26. THE HIDDEN NAME IS...

13-7-4-5 5-13
2-15-23-2-15-27

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Buzzy

says:

"OLD FOLKS ARE PEOPLE, TOO!"



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First again with the Campus Crew...

THOM
McAN'S

Saddle-Shoe

RED RUBBER SOLES,
ARE FULL OF BOUNCE—
SURE-FIRE WINNERS
WHEN ENERGY COUNTS!

STYLED RIGHT—
SNOWY WHITE
SURE TO STRIKE
THE EYE JUST RIGHT!

THAT PANGLED SADDLE
IS PLENTY KICK—
CHESTNUT COLOR, WITH A
SOFT, RICH SHEEN!

HE'S ON THE BEAM—
A REAL HE-MAN,
DOWN TO HIS SADDLES
FROM THOM McAN!

THAT WHITE STITCHED BELT
SURE IS A MONKEY!

I DON'T SEE HOW THEY
MAKE 'EM FOR THE MONEY!

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